THE
Art of Beauty:
A
POEM.

(Price 6d.)

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Humbly addreſs'd to the

OXFORD Toaſts.

Me Venus *Artificem tenero præfecit Amori.* Ovid.

LONDON, Printed for R. FRANCKLIN at the *Sun* againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and at the *Court of Requeſts*; and ſold by J. BETTENHAM in *Pater-noſter Row*. 1719.

POEMS.

To *BELINDA.*

Dear BEL,

THE Poem which I now offer to you, is written upon a Subject which ſeems to claim your eſpecial Protection and Encouragement. You have diſtinguiſh'd yourſelf in ſo remarkable a Manner by your admirable Skill and Knowledge in Coſmeticks, that you are now become, without any Aſſiſtance

ance from Nature, one of our moſt celebrated *Oxford* Beauties, and no deſpicable Companion for the tawdrieſt Gown in the Univerſity.

A Perſon of ſuch uncommon Abilities cannot fail of ſtanding foremoſt in the Female Annals, and of being tranſmitted to Poſterity as the moſt profound Adept in the Myſteries of *Venus*, the greateſt Miſtreſs of the Toilet, and the moſt accompliſh'd *Toaſt* of the Age.

For which Reaſons I need make no Apology for addreſſing the following Lines to you, which are looſely imitated from a ſmall Piece in *Latin*, which has been (tho' perhaps falſely) imputed to a Poet after your own Heart, no other than the gentle good-natur'd *Ovid*; whom I can not better recommend to you, than by aſſuring you that he is quite the Reverſe of *Strephon*, every where full of the warmeſt Sentiments and moſt paſſionate Expreſſions, and who inſtead of exciting Spleen and Indignation by Perſonal Calumnies

lumnies and Reproaches, makes Uſe of the moſt winning Methods to inſpire the ſofteſt Wiſhes of Love in the coldeſt Boſoms, and ſubdue the moſt inſenſible Reader.

I attempted it in *Engliſh*, to let my fair Countrywomen ſee what Arts and Improvements of natural Beauty have been in Faſhion in other Ages, and in other Countries; and that every one may at her Pleaſure compare the *Roman* Artifices with her own: To compleat which uſeful Deſign, I intend in a ſhort Time to ſend to the Preſs a *Large Diſcourſe upon ancient and modern Beauty*; in which I ſhall fully examine into the Paints, Paſtes, Waſhes, and the whole Syſtem of ancient *Coſmeticks*, particularly the *Woad* of the Old *Britiſh* PICTS, with ſome Obſervations upon the Improvements of later Ages; the whole digeſted into Method, and calculated for the Uſe of the Fair Sex.

I will

I will trouble you, at preſent, no farther, than to aſſure you, that I am, with all Reſpect and Veneration,

MADAM,

Your Great Admirer

and

Humble Servant,

J. B.

THE

THE Art of Beauty: A POEM.

ATTEND, ye Fair, whilst, anxious (for your Praise,
The Muse th' important Secret here (displays;
How Beauty waits upon the skilful (Hand,
And blooming Charms awaken at Command;

How, to ſurprize with Love the youthful Heart,
What Nature gave may be improv'd by Art.

To pow'rful Art the Thorn reluctant yields,
Harveſts ſucceed, and deck the beauteous Fields:
Art can the Plant with alien Branches crown,
And make her ſmile with Honours not her own.
The Sylvan Race ambroſial Odours boaſt,
Nor mourn their harſher Juice in Floods of *Nectar* loſt.
Nature undreſs'd, and ſtripp'd of all Attire,
May raiſe our Wonder, but we can't admire:
But where ſhe takes Advantage from Diſguiſe,
When golden Roofs, and Marble Pavements riſe,
The ſtately Structure's ſure to pleaſe our Eyes.
The Milk-white Fleece, in glowing Purple dy'd,
Bluſhes in all the Pomp of *Tyrian* Pride:
The poliſh'd Iv'ry ſhines ſerenely bright,
To grace the Toilet with its Silver Light.

In Times of Old, when ruſtick *Tatius* reign'd,
And *Sabine* Nymphs were taught to till the Land,
With verdant Pride th' enamel'd Plains were gay,
And proudly boaſted brighter Charms than they.
The Sun-burnt Matron ſate confin'd at Home,
And ply'd the Diſtaff, to ſupply the Loom,
Till pearly Dews, on Wings of Ev'ning borne,
Call her to fold her fleecy Care 'till Morn,
Her Daughter freed, from Paſture both retire,
And homewards trudge with Fewel for the Fire.

But you were form'd in Nature's ſofter Mold,
To glitter in Brocade, and flame in Gold;
In artful Curls your Treſſes to beſtow,
And teach the waving Ringlets where to flow.
Your ſoft and pleaſing Labour is to deck
With ſparkling Gems the Marble of the Neck:

What Nymph that views the Diamond's ſtreaming (Rays,
Longs not to ſee them on her Fingers blaze?
Nor can the tend'reſt Maid refuſe to wear
The radiant Weight of Pendants in the Ear.
And who can blame, or think your Care in vain,
With various Fancies to aſſert your Reign,
Since Crouds of well-dreſs'd Youths your Toils attend,
Proud to admire, and zealous to commend?
The raviſh'd Bridegroom views his glorious Prize,
Dwells on her Form, and all her Charms enjoys;
Strephon with Envy ſees the World approve
Your pleaſing Toils, and pay them back with Love.

Think not ſuch tender Arts thoſe Nymphs deſpiſe,
Whom partial Fate conceals from mortal Eyes,
Immur'd in *Atho*'s Rocks, e'en there the Fair
A while forgo their Toils and rural Care,
To cultivate their Charms, and plait their Hair.

Then to the floating Mirrour they retire,
Act o'er the Lover, and themſelves admire,
Survey the purling Streams with ſecret Joy,
And ſmile with Pleaſure as they whiſper by.

So *Juno*'s Bird to *Phœbus*' Beams diſplays
Her gawdy Plumes, and mingles Rays with Rays;
Elate with conſcious Pride grows juſtly vain,
And, Self-enamour'd, boaſts her moony Train.

Thus Beauty Crouds of willing Slaves detains,
And holds her Lovers Hearts in ſtronger Chains,
Than when ſhe ſtoops to Magick's gloomy Pow'rs,
To ſway the ſtruggling Mind to forc'd Amours.
Truſt not the Pow'r of Herbs, nor dare to try
Thoſe viler Charms that luſtful Mares ſupply;
Ill ſuit ſuch guilty Arts the tender Maid,
Vain is the Care, with Guilt alone repaid.

Not all your Charms can ſplit the wreathing Snake,
That mocks your Toil, ſecure beneath the Brake.
In vain the Waves are ſummon'd to their Source,
The ſtubborn Currents forward urge their Courſe.
Statues by Night may be tranſlated far,
But *Cynthia* ſtill drives on her Silver Car.

Be this the nobler Province of the Maid,
To call in Godlike Virtue to her Aid;
When Virtue o'er the beauteous Sex preſides,
Adorns their Minds, and all their Actions guides,
Charms with ſuch Sweetneſs Thoughts of Love inſpire,
Glow in the Lover's Breaſt, and ſet his Soul on Fire.
Beauty awhile with Luſtre ſtrikes our Eyes,
Wond'ring we gaze, and while we gaze it dies;
The Toaſt, neglected, ſtrait conſults her Glaſs,
Why Lovers fly, and ſtartles at her Face;
Grows pale to ſee what Ravage Time has made,
And rages to ſurvive her Form decay'd;

While

While Virtue's Charms eternal Conquests boast,
Nor 'till the Woman, dies the blooming Toast.

Attend the Precepts that the Muse shall give,
And Beauty too by Art shall ever live.
The op'ning Morn emerging from the Main,
With purple Streams to gild the azure Plain,
With Blushes shall behold the Fair so gay,
And to superiour Rivals yield the Day.

Where *Liby*a's Plains eternal Honours wear,
And copious Plenty crowns the golden Year,
The bearded Barley *Ceres* guards with Care,
And kindly wafts it hither to the Fair;
From its rough Dress call forth the precious Grain,
And to the Sun extend it on the Plain;

Then

Then, when thro' Forests Love her Empire spreads,
And the proud Stag his beamy Honours sheds,
Select the well-grown Horn, and grind it down,
'Till circling Atoms clogg the lab'ring Stone.
Let *Libya*'s Grain then yield her native White,
And with the *Horn*'s cosmetick Pow'r unite;
Demand the Chymic Sierce to be refin'd,
And leave the sluggish Load of Dross behind.
Narcissus next his tender Root supplies,
And moulder'd on the Crystal Marble lies,
And suffers for the Sex his Pride durst once despise.

But ſee! the Nymph begins the Rites of Pride,
And theſe Coſmeticks ev'ry Blemiſh hide,
Pleas'd to ſee Nature to her Skill give Way,
And her Cheeks dawn with the Approach of Day:
She calls for ſpecious Art's intenſer Light,
And fancy'd Conqueſts ſwim before her Sight!

Then ceaſe not, Goddeſs, but reſume thy Care,
And thro' the Maze of Art conduct the Fair,
'Till by thy Dictates taught they riſe to praiſe,
And Lovers croud with ardent Eyes to gaze.

The Silver *Ceruſe* firſt, ye Nymphs, prepare,
In Native Whiteneſs exquiſitely fair;
Round this let *Nitre* claſp its Purple Arms,
And rob itſelf to give the *Ceruſe* Charms,

'Till both in ſoft Embraces ſweetly loſt,
One common, undiſtinguiſh'd Colour boaſt.
The Rainbow-Flow'r with various Dies ſucceeds,
The beauteous Product of *Illyria*'s Meads:
Blend all th' Ingredients on the Marble Stone,
And cruſh the diff'ring Colours into one;
Add balmy Honey, and the Work's compleat,
The Nymph ſhall ſmile, and bleſs the pleaſing Cheat.

The beſt Receipt, ye Nymphs, is ſtill behind,
Thro' ev'ry Clime Art wanders unconfin'd,
Nature purſues thro' endleſs Tracts of Night,
And calls th' unwilling Secret forth to Light.

In *Incenſe* claim an equal Share with *Jove*,
One Half to him belongs, and one to Love;
To Incenſe next Vermilion's Bluſhes join,
With that let *Myrrha*'s od'rous Tears combine.

The Queen of Beauty next, unask'd beſtows
The faded Honours of the wither'd Roſe:
Theſe pounded mix with Juice of ſodden Grain,
Love's your Reward, and Beauty crowns your Pain.

Ye Nymphs, that dwell where gentle *Iſis* leads
Her watry Store along the wanton Meads,
Say, why of late you ſhun the pleaſing Grove,
And every ſoft Receſs ſo fam'd for Love.
Are *Oxford* Beauties then ſo baſhful grown?
Shall *Strephon* proudly lord it o'er the Town?
Aided by Art, aſſert your envy'd Sway,
Launch forth in all your Pride, and glare in open Day.

Tho' *Strephon*'s Spleen awoke the vengeful Lyre,
And Fiends provok'd, and Furies fann'd the Fire,
Think not, *Belinda*, all your Conquests lost,
Lampoons enhance, and Envy decks the Toast.
Let Malice burn, and Censure snarl with Spite,
As howling Wolves at *Cynthia*'s shining Light;
Like her, with Scorn on grov'ling Rage look down;
Like her's your Charms, as bright —— as much
(your own.
Nor, *Celia*, fear thy *Thousands* should decay,
And Beauty's Gift with Beauty fleet away;
The snowy Lilly, and the blushing Rose,
Shall daily Beauties on thy Cheeks disclose;
In Spite of Age you shall for ever shine,
Thy Charms ne'er fade, thy Fortune ne'er decline;
And P——*rry* shall have Favours to her Mind,
Sir *Harry* and *My Lord* shall still be kind.

The *Tr—ghs* may ſmile ſecure *three Stories high*,
Strephon can never ſoar ſo near the Sky.
Nature denies, but *Fancy* lends 'em Charms,
And fills with Garter'd Peers their empty Arms;
Glutted with theſe their Fancy ſtill may riſe,
Call down the Gods again, again debauch the Skies.

Spintext, return; nor let thy *Moppet Toaſt*
In rural Shades and lonely Woods be loſt;
Juſt when the kindling Sparks of am'rous Fire
Bid her ſuſpect why *worthy Youths* admire;
We'll be content to loſe her once a Year,
When *jovial Wakes* revolve with annual Cheer,
And if it muſt be ſo, her *Daddy* ſhall be there.
Shall it be ſaid that *Spintext* dreads the Muſe,
Compell'd to fly, and live a ſafe Recluſe?
Sooner ſhall *bottled Beer* compare with *Wine*,
And dainty *Pidgeons* yield to Fleſh of Swine,

Sooner

Sooner let *South-Sea Stocks* to nothing fall,
Lands, Money, Learning, *Sally*, perish all:
The *melting Bard* shall sing the num'rous *S——ms*,
And make them as immortal as his Rhymes.
If he records, e'en *Strephon* muſt approve;
Such is his Verſe, 'twill *melt* him into Love.

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but

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